

MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle.

MR. KINGBIRD DEFENDS HIMSELF.

HERE he goes!" cried Doty. "I'm sure he ate that big bee just now." "Then it's not a woodpecker," replied Bobby. "For woodpeckers don't eat bees, I'm pretty sure." "But he was pecking on the tree a while ago," exclaimed Doty. "Oh, I wish we could catch him!" "Oh, no, you don't!" laughed a merry voice, and Squeedee, the children's little friend from Joyland, hopped up beside them. "Well, he's eating all grandpa's bees!" replied Bobby. "Why, we won't have any honey. He should be caught or something done to him." "Oh, oh!" laughed Squeedee. "Why, that dark bird over on the fence rail with plumes of brown, black and white, is Mr. Kingbird!" "I thought he was a woodpecker," laughed Doty. "See, I told you," cried Bobby. "But he does eat bees, doesn't he?" "Yes, I feel quite sure that's one of his bad fallings," replied Squeedee. "He has the reputation of eating bees." "Then we'll have to catch him!" cried Doty. "To save grandpa's bees." "I don't think so," laughed Squeedee. "For I'm sure if Mr. Kingbird knew that you didn't want him to eat grandpa's bees he'd stop it. Oh, Mr. Kingbird!" Squeedee called. "Please come here!" Mr. Kingbird, ruffling his feathers as he came, flew on the fence near the children.



"Please Come Here!"

"The children feel you are eating too many of their grandpa's bees," said Squeedee. "What have you to say for yourself?" "Oh, is that why they're trying to catch me?" laughed Kingbird. "Why, my dears, I never eat a worker bee—it's only the drones that I relish." "Well, I guess they should be eaten," Doty exclaimed. "Because the meadow has no place for lazy folks." "You see my wife is setting, and I carry her all the juicy worms," said Kingbird. "She likes worms best of all. I just saw that bee killing his time away, so I caught him. Why, I wouldn't do anything to harm your grandpa and pumpkin! And only this morning I swallowed a big gummy that was troubling old Gray Horse. What if I do taste a bee or a worm?" "You're right!" laughed Squeedee. "And I'm sure now that the children know you're a friend to their grandpa—a helpful, honest fellow—they'll never try to harm you again." "Thank you very much," said Mr. Kingbird politely, and away he flew. "Well, I'm glad it's only done bees he eats," sighed Doty. "For I'd feel very sorry if I thought he ate the busy little workers." "We'll give him the benefit of the doubt," laughed Bobby, as they bade Squeedee good-by.

"That's right," replied Squeedee. "Mr. Kingbird more than pays for any damage he causes by the good he does. Then Squeedee flew away, leaving Bobby and Doty watching the busy bees.

The ORIGINS of FAMOUS SAYINGS

Robert Dodsley. 1703-1764. One kind kiss before we part. Drop a tear and bid adieu! Though we sever, my faith heart Till we meet shall part for you. —The Parting Kiss.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, JUNE 9-10.

Under an array of contradictory stellar operations, Sunday is a day to devote to mental development and the mind, with a view to a peculiar view toward the metaphysical or occult, and toward research into the nature of forces. The mind will be curious, fanciful and creative. Advantageous journeys are possible, and Jupiter in aspect with both luminaries is propitious for health, wealth and romantic attachments. Those whose birthday it is may anticipate a prosperous year. A child born on this day will have fine mental ability, but may be rash and extravagant. Monday promises to be a day in which old obstructions may be removed, with new business developed by good organizing faculties, sound judgment and through combinations and intrigues, perhaps of a somewhat secret or covert nature. Existing designing influences or subtle enemies will be exposed or confounded, and gain will mature through the use of peculiar insight and unconventional associations. Advantages will come through the influence of women and elderly persons. Those whose birthday it is are promised a pleasant and mild year with new friendships, but they must be discreet. A child born on this day will be kind, affectionate, gentle, but probably erratic and unusual.

Adele Garrison's New Revelations of a Wife

What Troubled Madge as She Waited Beside the Wounded Officer.

A H—"The word was hardly more than a breath, but it startled me as if it had been the ping of a bullet close to my ear. For it came from the lips of the wounded officer whom I was helping to nurse, and there was sanity in it instead of the disjointed murmurs which he had been uttering before. I had been so engrossed in thoughts of Dicky that I had lost sight of the moment of the important task which had been delegated to me, that of calming by my presence the delirious imaginings of the wounded man before me. I looked down quickly into his face, although my eyes were somewhat blurred by the rush of tears which had come to them at my thoughts of my husband, and which I had in some fashion kept from shedding. The wounded officer's eyes were open, and he was looking intently at me. The wild light—of which the nurse had told me—had gone out of them. In its stead there was a look of unutterable relief, but even as my eyes cleared and I saw him clearly, a shadow crept into his. "You—are—real?" he said slowly, doubtfully. "You—are—alive?" "Very much alive," I answered cheerfully, for instinct told me this was the best way to reassure him. As I spoke I took my hand from his forehead. He frowned as I did so, and looked like an unhappy child. "Don't—take—me—away," he said painfully. "—like it."

"I'll Not Go Away." Reluctantly I resumed the smoothing of his hair back from his forehead, the service which the nurse had requested of me while he was delirious. I was furious at myself because I couldn't control the flush which overpowered my face at his request. He did not see my embarrassment, however, for he had closed his eyes as he spoke, and for a little while lay quiet, so quiet, indeed, that I was beginning to be alarmed. But just as I was about to leave the nurse, who also was watching him, he opened his eyes again. "And your eyes have tears in them just now?" he asked, and this time his words came less painfully, closer together. "Are you hurt badly, after all? I've been afraid they were lying to me."

His voice rose in excitement. I saw that the only way to quiet him was the method one would use with a frightened child. I bent a little closer to him. "Look at me," I said, just a hint of sharpness in my tone, "and listen carefully while I tell you the absolute truth. I am not hurt. I am very well, and you must have been mistaken about the tears in my eyes. You don't see any there now, do you?" I smiled at him as I asked the last question, and a slow, weak grin curved the corners of his mouth. "Nary a one," he returned with a pitiful attempt at lightness, and then the nurse intervened. "Take this now, please," she said, "and then close your eyes and try to go to sleep." She held a formidable-looking dose of medicine out to him. He looked up at her. "I don't want to go to sleep." "I know," soothingly. "But you must," the note of authority predominated. "Will she stay right here and not let go my hand?" "She'll stay as long as you want, a calm, professional glance, yet I could not but imagine that her eyelashes veiled a quick look. I felt myself flushing again.

"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Mulching Your Garden. The value of a mulch in the war garden is attested to by every agricultural experiment, and many advise a mulch in place of cultivating at certain seasons. What is a mulch? In past years manure, straw or other material placed around the roots of newly planted trees to protect them was called a "mulch." Today, however, "mulch" is used to mean any layer placed about growing plants. Its purpose is to conserve the moisture. Therefore, if not too frequently used, it serves much the same purpose as cultivation of the soil. Manure, straw, leaves, lawn clippings or moss are the materials generally employed. Some farmers even use excelsior, sawdust and shavings, but such woody matter may be a detriment when turned into the soil year after year. If you use manure as a mulch it should be laid from two to four inches thick, with the thickest part of the cover in the center of the row. You should be careful not to put manure against the plant, as possible injury and probably discoloration may result. Leaves and straw should be used in the same careful way.

Determining Crops to Mulch. All vegetables do not gain by the use of a mulch. Those—like lettuce, radishes and spinach—that are quick mat-

"Let's Ask Mother"

By FLORENCE HOWARD

I'D just like to know who used the last of the white shoe cleaner and didn't order another bottle!" exclaimed Jane. "Here I am all ready for the party and I find I forgot to clean my white shoes and they're dusty and stained. I can't go, that's all!" "Clean your shoes when you take them off," said Bea. "It's better for the shoes not to have the stain left on them. But let's ask Mother if she can tell us what to do in a hurry." "Just use clean gasoline and then cover the shoes well with cornstarch or talcum powder and let them stand a few minutes," said Mother. "They will look very well and be ready to wear quickly. Often talcum applied with a cloth and rubbed in will remove a stain on a white shoe, too."

SEAFARERS



THE appearance of Jack upon the shimmering sands this summer is a far more heart-agitating thing than ever before. In the first place, though there's never a more popular personage at ANY time than Jack, THIS year he grips imagination as never before. In the second, and all the other places, Jack on leave is a MAN, and SUCH a man!

but knew there was only one answer for me to give. I looked down into the pleading eyes of the wounded man. "I'll not go away. I promise you." "Thank you. All right, nurse." Obeyingly he swallowed the dose she gave him, smiled up at me with a touch of whimsicality, and closed his eyes like a tired child. For several torturing minutes his fingers and eyes twitched nervously, and his head jerked occasionally from side to side as if he were in pain. But gradually he became quieter, and before long was drawing deep, regular, restful breaths, and sleeping as naturally as if he were just an ordinarily fatigued man.

"But I Promised." "I think you can slip away now," the nurse murmured in my ear. "He will never notice your going." I felt vaguely, foolishly resentful of the air of complete authority which enveloped her. "You have done well, child, but we don't need you any longer." I didn't stop to analyze the impulse which made me say determinedly: "But I promised him I wouldn't leave while he slept, and I must keep my word."

Or do you think that now, just because humiliation has befallen me, I should sink into oblivion?

A comment from you on the subject, whether or not you think I'm right, will be appreciated a millionfold by

MARION.

Don't Open It Again

RIGHT to be proud? Why, of course you have. Why shouldn't you be proud of your own good sense and your own courage and your own brave, self-reliant heart? You have taken the wreck of a life and have turned it into a success. Isn't that something to be proud of?

What do your friends want you to do—sit down in a corner and cry about it the rest of your days? Who is going to pay your board bill while you are crying, and how much better off will the world be for your absolutely useless and unnecessary tears?

It has already gone out of fashion—the old idea of crying over spilt milk. We don't admire the woman who mourns too long in these days. We pity her as a poor weak creature who hasn't the courage or the self-respect to hold up her head and go on fighting her own honest way through the world for herself alone, or for her children and her friends.

Why should you be ashamed because some one else has done wrong? You didn't do anything wrong, did you? And no one who has any judgment or any experience in life, or any opinion worth having, will ever think twice of the matter again except to recognize you as a woman of character, brains and courage.

Go on, be happy, forget all that ever made you miserable. It's just a door that is closed, that's all—closed and locked, I hope, for you forever. Don't ever let any one try to give you the key to it, or even make you

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Crequets. Carefully mix one cupful of boiled calf's liver, one-half cupful of minced bacon, cooked brown, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, form into balls the size of large marbles, dip into beaten egg, then into breadcrumb, and fry brown in hot fat.

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By Gene Kay

"Teach me to swim!" each begs, and then—seafarer among seafarers—who's fairer and far more HEART dangerous than any other mermaids—HE has to confess that, like many another sailor man, he can't swim, and he begs THEM to teach HIM. "For YOU make my head swim now," he cries, "and my heart—shiver my timbers!—is WRECKED unless you save me!"

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Closing the Door

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DEAR WINIFRED BLACK:

I wonder is there a chance for a girl with a past? Please don't think I've been bad—but the trouble is I made a very, very serious mistake. The old proverb, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is no doubt the truest proverb ever made. My unfortunate marriage, while made in good faith on my part, surely caused considerable excitement and comment. This man surely could not have caused more humiliation and heartaches than he did during his short life. Now what I meant to get at—do you think my viewpoint is right? I have dropped the matter entirely, have resumed my former duties and have blotted this affair out of my life forever.

No doubt you will understand that I am free. But I have lost no faith in mankind—have started all over again and am happy as a lark. Though comments are bound to be made, don't you really think I have a right to be as proud as ever when my conscience is as clear as the sweet rippling brook?

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stop for one instant and peek through the keyhole. There is nothing but misery in that room for you.

Why should you keep the door open for one minute to please any one's absurd, old-fashioned notions? The world is full of real sorrow and real trouble. You can do a great deal to alleviate real grief. You can make yourself useful in a thousand different ways.

Go Singing Along

One of the best loved women I ever knew passed through a terrible grief and humiliation in her middle life. She rose above it, and now whenever any one is in trouble or perplexity that woman is the one who comforts and advises and sustains them. When she goes the world will be a lonely place for many of us who have never known the grief and humiliation that has helped to sweeten and broaden and deepen her character.

Go singing on your way, "Marion," smiling and friendly, kind and sympathetic, and the world will owe you a debt which it can never pay.

Let sentimental sister sit in the corner and weep over what is past and cannot be helped. Perhaps she can help it; perhaps she doesn't want to help it. What she thinks or feels is not your concern.

Your life is your own. Live it in peace and good cheer, and charity and love, without one moment's thought of the black misery that once made you want to die.

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mince, a gill of milk. Method—Sieve the chemicals into the flour, rub the margarine into it, then rub the mince well in, and mix the whole up to a paste with the egg and water, or milk will do by itself instead of the egg; roll the paste out to half an inch thick, and cut rounds out with a cutter; wet the tops, put them on tins, and bake in a hot oven.

Cocoanut Rocks.

Ingredients—One pound of flour, four ounces of the cocoanut, six ounces of margarine, six ounces of sugar, half an ounce of cream of soda, four ounces of lemon peel cut fine, half a pint of milk. Mix the flour and sugar, rub the margarine in well, add the cocoanut and peel cut fine, then mix the whole up to a nice dough; the milk is sufficient to make it into a soft dough. Divide into 16 pieces, two and three-quarter ounces each. Roll up round, put on tins, and with a fork break up into rough powdered cakes; wet the tops of the cakes with milk, then dust with sugar, and bake in a hot oven.

Secrets of Health and Happiness.

Sunlight the Very Best Aid to the Cure of Broken Bones

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

A SMILE and a sunny disposition with lots of open air and sunlight tend to heal broken bones, torn tissues and wounds if no vicious germs enter the open sore from air, dust or soiled fingers. It remained for Dr. Harold Neuhof of New York to announce through the Interstate Medical Journal that sunlight is an aid in healing broken bones. The result of these experiments demonstrates the fact that sunlight has a reparative effect upon fractures due to an ill-understood action on the bone tissues. With the demonstration of this phenomenon the healing influence of the sun's rays cannot be deemed peculiar to tuberculosis alone.

The evidence of the action of sunlight is found in an acceleration of repair at the fractured ends of bones and an increase in the reparative zone and is observable as early as 11 days after exposure to the sun's rays.

Sunlight has an undoubted effect upon the body tissues, chiefly by its violet and ultra violet rays, but knowledge of the nature of that effect remains obscure.

Tests Carefully Made.

The experimental work of Dr. Neuhof first consisted in the study of the repair of fractures in subjects exposed to sunlight. Three series of experiments were performed at different seasons of the year—spring, summer and autumn—at Columbia University. Subjects of approximately the same age and weight were chosen for each set. The fracture was identical in all of one series and the subjects were separated into two groups: One-half for the sunlight, the other, away from the sunlight. All were placed on the roof, receiving the same food and attention. The only difference was that the members of one group were exposed daily to the sunlight, the others were screened from the sun. The screening was arranged to avoid any interference with air supply. The same large space was given all. Whenever there was any doubt as to physical condition the subjects that appeared best nourished were always selected for controls.

The fractured bones were those in which there was the least motion after operation, such as the ribs and fibulae. By this choice any great variation in the mobility of fragments after operation on various bones—a factor that

might invalidate the results—was avoided. The technique of operation was very simple. Under full ether anesthesia and with adequate asepsis, a short incision was made over the bones. Bleeding from the soft parts was carefully controlled. Without any handling of the periosteum the bone was divided transversely by a single cut. The soft parts and skin were carefully sutured in layers. Changes in the weight of the subjects were insignificant; in most instances there was a slight increase. No difference in the general condition was discernible between the "sunlight" and the "no sunlight" subjects. There was no recognizable difference in the healing of the incised soft parts.

The differences in repair to be noted between the sunlight and no sunlight subjects were paralleled in those whose general condition became poor or whose wounds were infected. The latter are excluded from consideration because conclusions can manifestly not be drawn from them. The radiographic evidence was supported by inspection of the isolated specimens; this disclosed greater thickening at the site of fracture in the sunlight subjects.

Answers to Health Questions

W. D. K. Q.—Please tell me what will remove superfluous hair and heavy eyebrows.

A—Remember that there are few if any, and a paper which is quick to remove a week, or when needed, a little of the following may be tried:

Calcium sulphide..... 2 parts
Zinc oxide..... 1 part
Starch..... 1 part
When you are ready to use this make a paste with water and apply to the parts. Let it remain on the skin for about five minutes and then wipe off gently with a soft cloth.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. When the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address: DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG, in care of this office.

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Learns How an Organdie Frock May Lend Plumpness to the Thin Girl.

WHAT on earth can I wear to the lawn party to be given this Saturday by the Women's War Bazaar? demanded little Miss Kennedy when she came into the studio this morning. "I don't want to look overdressed, and yet you know that I simply have to dress in fluffies and ruffles of some kind, otherwise I look as though I'd been on a starvation diet, that even Mr. Hoover wouldn't approve of."

Miss Kennedy laughed apologetically, because her extreme slenderness is a favorite subject for jests with her. She is positively one of the most frail-like girls who come into the studio, and of course it's exceedingly difficult for her to wear these sheer summer things. Anything that is thin and clingy flattens her out, and so she always selects the most befruffled models.

We showed her some lovely organdies with several tiers of ruffles and flounces, but she would have none of them. "I don't want to waste all this material just to put out my figure and make me appear what I'm not. I fear it is unattractive."

For a while we were nonplussed, because certainly it was absolutely necessary to "put out her figure," as she called it, in order to make it possible for her to wear any sheer summer fabric. Finally, Madame had a new organdie party dress brought in for her, and in a moment she was enthusiastically exclaiming over it:

"It's very cleverly designed!" she said. "Apparently quite simple, and yet there's just enough fluffiness at precisely the right points to give roundness and grace of lines to the figure."

The entire frock is of white organdie. The skirt consists of two parts—an underskirt of accordion-pleated organdie, and over it is a tunic that depends from an inch below the waistline to the line of the knee. It flares outward and the edges of the tunic are finished with the way around with a frilled ruching. This ruching is repeated at the end of the elbow-length sleeve, and it imparted a

plumpness to Miss Kennedy's otherwise pointed elbows, which she was quick to appreciate. The basque of white organdie is trimmed with white cord.

Another clever touch in the frock is the unique neck. It is what we sometimes call a "horsethoe neck"—a deep curve around the shoulders and a wide



Party Frock of White Organdie.

straight line across the chest help to give an impression of breadth across the chest. At the back a bow of blue adds a girlish touch to the costume. Miss Kennedy looked like a summer fairy in the frock and no one would suspect for a moment, much less see, her angular lines.